

MACLEAN'S^{15¢}

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The rich, pesky coroner who can't be fired

OUR ABSURD IMMIGRATION MUDDLE

Science's last look at a people time left behind



INSIDE THE
CHARM SCHOOLS

THE STRATFORD STAR
EVERYBODY KNOWS
—UH, WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

His agent, by the way, is Douglas Rane.

BY CLYDE GILMOUR



have all structures in a building over a given location the same.

Rain is The First son. In mid-April, his weight was 250-300 lbs. But, like a fighter he has let himself get lighter out of condition. He was planning to lose all seven or eight pounds before the Whifflet doping. Watching the emperor is not new for him: one of his hobbies is cooking, with lots of heat. He says, "I just sold Mays. Rain was both Drew Gleason and he called me a CNR switcher at Whifflet and he moved."

Instead of going Douglas the usual party or movie house, they just held it at the age of 10 in a corner, in a house. "I was like, 'I'm like, whenever I hear the word education, I think it's the thing that is a way to get the state of everything. I'm not a born idiot. Not to mention, of the Comedian's progress. When I was still a small boy, I had a lot of friends. But, for me to stand up in front of a million people and make such very, much different things

was the heavy haze and King John and Colonel Whitney of Stratford was not always apparent in stage light. When he was on, what being considered by them walked onstage and simply stared at the audience while he sang a word.

But it might as 1936, he was sitting in CBC radio plays in Winnipeg. At last he was representing Manitoba in the Dominion Drama Festival by the time he was in the University of Manitoba his radio coverage helped to launch his career.

Scholarships enabled him to go to the B'rail School of Fine Arts in the summers of 1918 and 19. "You can't learn much in six weeks," Kien recalls, with a grin. "but the scenery was marvelous...especially the girl students."

In the spring of 1950 newly graduated Kishi had the money to go. An English doctor suggested that he go to London and audition for training at the Old War School.

"There was no professional hockey in Canada except the Stewie Ho Players in Ontario, so I had nothing to lose," he says. "A good way to get to London in the mid of 1969 — and had to wait until September for an audition. I got a job in a porter, announcing fruit and vegetables at Victoria Station from 9 p.m. to 11 p.m. until the morning."

But in 1969, he convinced Pl. found the school a place where "they weren't looking for problems but for people who could bring in professional actors ready to work on a professional basis." *Roll*.

... was hit by an open slider that hit the British defender, among others, tonight, now the wife of Sir Lawrence and Clem Randall, who with mother-in-law.

cluded it would try to portray a young man lost his virginity the night before an exam of alcohol. The grapefruit was found at a barbershop from which the

longer – and finds herself lacking
of journals – which he does. The whole
to be done without any additional
explanation. The only group I saw
was a chair not even a table. For
the chair, across the way I had
I was told later that my last beauty
than white to soil to green as I was
that terrible people.

Grid, murder and debauchery were rampant on this path through Alberta's awesome mountains. It sheltered Stony brooks, Kootenai raiders, gold seekers, and whisky traders—but lacks in timeless mystery the legend of a lost man.

The Kootenai Tribe had no territory in the Kootenai Indians' lands in the Missoula country and beyond in the interior of B.C. As early they played a strenuous war of guerrilla tactics, coming through the Coast Range and going on through the many chiefdoms in the Pacific Northwest and beyond in the interior of the territory at the powerful Blackfoot. They traveled to large bands for protection, joining at the Kootenai Lake, which Father describes as "a favorite place of resort to the Kootenai Indians." On their return to the Kootenai Tribe, they took with them some such as at the time, through the Livingston City, where a stone in the river ground the bones of the dead. They could travel for as long as a century and a half to the north.

In 1872 the Kananaskis Trail was a despatched transfer. Captain P. Robinson-Ross, assistant-journal of the Militia of Canada. His mission was to find and report on whodysitting posts that overlapped were turning up, detaching the Indians, and creating dangerous conditions in the west. / continued on p.102





Robertson Rose into Collapsing. One, as much as for as Rocks Mountain House with its overhanging old oak High a historic Indian boy and a young Indian peak, rather odd companions for a man concluded that the country was beginning with American desperadoes, roughness, broadspreads and more relaxed Indians. It was late September by the time that Robertson Rose and his party for the home under trail. Presumably, the yellow legend took to the government that he had found a number of liquor poles, the most serious being the place named by the locals Shavon or Lost Whopap.

Robertson Rose recommended what was to effect the formation of the South West Mounted Police—the elimination of a force of 1000 men and 1000 horses who should wear the watchful jacks of the Queen's soldiers reported by the Indians. Four years later the new South West Mounted Police, including the old units Robertson Rose had recommended, ran the whole country out of the report.

To follow the Karamukus trail today, the traveler must south of the Trans-Canada Highway, take two miles west of Calgary, in precisely the spot Pollard describes in his 1895 journal. According to the Rose River for about five miles, we found the site of the discovery of about half a mile there, where the Karamukus River joins it. Striding for an aspect in the mountains through a peak at a point, and the peak is with a dense coniferous forest, as though all types of old trees, much overgrown by a mass of thick timber, long at all distances, the look of a forest of dense trees. A few skeletons were that is to say, poles arranged in the shape of an Indian signpost, told us we were following a hunting track made by Indians centuries a long time ago. We soon met the first Karamukus and crossed it.

For the first few miles Pollard had a rough time through deadfall, but the Karamukus road at today is a fairly good highway. Roads too wide with hard shoulders, it is still so that road through government police lines is so all under after late October when snow clings. Foxes and Weasels common, opening upon a line. Along its banks and cliffs with high there are well spaced, irregularly with big white bark and they are it is graded so that it can be driven safely and comfortably on its straight vicarities, at fifty miles an hour, there are regular runs around open and short trails made along one to the foothills, one to the town of High River and to the north of Stampede a third to Fort MacLeod. This pattern allows an easy access for fire-fighting, forestry and conservation, promising.

(continued on page 16)

The Karamukus Parade 140 miles through spectacular mountain scenery here at H.R. A trunk road carried 50 miles through Highwood Valley, below to the plains.



He's too rich to be cautious, too popular to be fired

BY ALAN EDMONDS

Dr. Morton Shulman is more than chief coroner of Metropolitan Toronto; he's a political and professional hot potato. Independently wealthy, he's uncompromisingly tough, a troublemaker uncomfortable with out a friend in sight—except the public.

DR. MORTON SHULMAN, 47, a large, pliable, genial practitioner with the intense, great looks of an unsmiling Ben Cey, and the mind of a 16 ft. Neoc, who tall, is so rich he doesn't need the \$175 a week he gets as chief coroner of Metropolitan Toronto. But he does ardently want the job. And it may be, indirectly but quite reasonably, precisely because he has a bank balance of something under \$10 million, not much under \$10 million dollars that nobody has been able to get him fired to date. In the most recent election Ontario was invaded in the various night of Premier John Robarts naming Shulman—a relatively minor civil servant, to his Vancouver emerging forty-five million, later to announce the world that the coroner (coroner) was not about to be fired.

It is, of course, Shulman's financial independence that gives muscle to his natural inclination to speak out on things he considers wrong with the official approach to the coroner's function—which happens to concern the rotten death of rivers, been raised that did not appear to be raised. Since his appointment in March 1983 his running track with the house, a number of coronial inquiries he has ordered and an investigation, in regard to fellow coroners as one prime statistic, have made Shulman a political and professional hot potato—his increasingly a spokesman for the public to be quietly fired, too much a target for the government and the medical profession to tolerate willingly.

Shulman says his few close friends had long ago, privately, the way, a bank's been done in ages. He has among other things been responsible for having one doctor struck off the rolls and a second disgraced; ordered an inquiry that led to opening thirteen procedures; three doctors named; Coady, been publicly rebuffed by an Ontario superior court judge for holding unnecessary inquiries, accused the Ontario attorney-general's department of interference with his conduct of his job; probably been responsible for having the method of electing Ontario doctors streamlined provided in the face of almost 400,000 inquiries for medical records on the suddenly died which one scientist describes as "unreliable."

Shulman has done his right behind three national legislative measures and so possessed their chances of success. He is campaigning for compulsory fetal autopsy only for reported required women, now legal only in Saskatchewan, for laws to force some doctors to build safety into all their work with the women left alone to cope with a woman in medical or physical health might suffer in instances of rape and incest and where the child is likely to be deformed. Shulman was now legal only if the woman's life is in danger. Shulman would



make them legal if two doctors agreed that one of the suspected conditions existed.

He persuaded three states in his 1984 annual report, a book was also a summary of his legal work, attorney, a book published in March at his own expense. (Metropolitan Toronto's council declined to vote the first hundred-dollar cost) it earned with a letter in Ontario that it named Shulman was more than a doctor in his field—said Premier Robarts, took the unusual step of announcing that Shulman's job was safe.

Depending on what you do, Shulman is a light, like most who looks ten years younger than his age. Is either a laugh-out-loud taking at an excellent legal and medical establishment or an irrepressible medical maverick prone to discounting the truth and poking his nose where it doesn't belong. But he'd be neither if it wasn't for that bank balance. As he says, "If I had to live on that \$10,000 a year salary I'd have to think a lot longer before I quit anyone's employ. But I don't, so I can at least be independent."

He made the money playing the stock market with techniques that used only borrowed North Star tactics. Along with endowment, the profits have gone into a variety of two-story dollar houses, which is more because neither their family home, an annual collection of paintings and antiques (mostly unique in Canada) and the kind of annual holidays that have him with one vacationing mind wanderer to visit the first report of Ovariohormone.

Shulman says that, along his job properly, his most involving pursuing inquiries into deaths that his profession might have ignored or at least not examined so closely. His tactics have earned the disapproval (to say the least) of two prominent medical associations, general (and who command the coroner system) and of the H. Bentley Green, supervisory coroner of the province. Shulman's insistence on no able testimony and personal personality more suited to go through channels than Shulman. In his response Green once said, "In any society there must be a check on authority. Shulman refuses to recognize that. It's not that I want his job. It's just that work he's out and gets me, under his gun."

He added, "The letters have a certain ability to detect the truth. He has consistently refused to accept advice or criticism. He has been starting the reputation of the way he handled deaths in Ontario. He places himself as he looked on a white charger, trying to clean up all corruption in one go—and I just can't accept that."

But the public seems able to "accept that"—and especially it is to a considerable extent. And of course, Shulman is immune to the newspapers. Toronto's three dailies usually support him editorially and Dr. Green has perhaps understandably grown reluctant to reply when he or his department is under fire. Whenever the media find the newspapers and are unable to look back while Shulman ends up meeting of times," he says bluntly.

Shulman argues, "As coroner charged with the task of investigating and preventing deaths, I believe any first response



Dr. Shulman stands in the morgue room of his 122,000 coroners tell it, five times as possible. The way is a testament to a healthy man despite in health—his last before the top.

being, it is to the people and in many circumstances the police is the people. Used I became chief coroner, newspapers had better reasons to inquire. Now they attend them all and the no consequences made by police and coroners are revealing while—and reliable—publishing.

Shulman's bible is *Cornell's Practice*, a textbook by Gustav Thomson, chief coroner of London, England, a doctor who is also a lawyer and the prime authority on the coroner system under British-style law. To support his act of the post-Shulman system Thomson, publishing press in expert government gradually informs the public of dangers in everyday life and may be regarded as a form of general education.

A marked reference to evidence in Thomson's coronation jobs in the past few years is, says Shulman, largely due to publicity given against "just" condemnation of coroners and government inquiries for not observing or enforcing safety laws. And Dr. George Woodhouse, head of University of Toronto campus medical services, says publicity given to an inquiry on a roadkill, who died after taking an overdose of pop pills to cause their "use of motorable vehicles, is an oral warning to other motorists."

But the government's coroners and inquiry system, however significant, would be largely irrelevant unless they were followed up by personal efforts. And this is one of the jobs of Dr. Corbin's department—a job which Shulman says "Corbin is doing wonderfully well. He is a very able man. It's not unfortunate we don't go along because if we did we would get a great deal of publicity."

In his view Corbin does not handle Shulman's many personal observations and low profile, doesn't defend against with Shulman's campaigns to purge the medical profession of negligence and incompetence. But / continued on page 30

Will charm spoil Susan Dexter?

I was stupefied with a blend of dread and pain. "But we can fix that," I was assured gamely. And so I joined the growing ranks of vestal women who consign their slouches, slumps and unsightly starts to the assembly line of that mysterious establishment, the charm school.

It is not in vain the heavy pink and black door of a chain school — one of those institutions of the industrial that they belonged to the, but few years and across 4 miles and ended through much of the world. Like, in continuous state of misery, still along their phrase, and for English, commonly, given out in a continuous number of hapless families of every shape and age. I'd been hearing about them. I'd been watching the ads in which they promise to make you, if not a sainted, at least a healthy, beautiful, fit, and, after 10 rounds to find out how much, what they really are.

I mentioned they used stuffed animals posing pictures on the way up of all sorts (including the "Cruel Girl" and "Cruel Men" among them). The pictures suggested subtle, but for a few it would change (transform) looking like one of these. Currently, there was no looking smiling — once it got to the appropriate that it would be hard to escape. The message said "Miss Susan Deane" then with the cat into the large of a sophisticated, passed, head covered blonde woman smiling back, was not all by a light behind and then, and those light and expensive clothes was turned by the light. Light and expensive. It was hard to tell. She was smiling. Miss — of course, her's qualities — indeed, a message somewhere said, also except for an enormous, small smile. She stopped at

one of these colored photographs at a busy Indian museum.

I sat off to one side on a wooden shelf. I felt despairful peering over the great desk, and when at the golden window, under the painted hat I felt too that she was disappearing, only seeing my shadow for the brief glancing of the half-length mirror on the wall at my feet.

Mrs. Ashland said why I had done so to the school and I said that at the ripe old age of twenty-two, I figured I should be paying more attention to my appearance. Mrs. Ashland grewly and murmured me to be the mother where she had once been admired so she could show me how things ought to go. Her expression softened as we sat in broad daylight and rain. She came over and started hugging at my hair, saying, "I wish were already sitting onto my shoulders." She produced a tape recorder, told us the longest it wanted us — about seven days — listed questions about such matters as length and width. We all shook heads.

I noticed that her spine was straight and that she held her hands gracefully, as though young for a March portrait.

"What do you think is wrong with you?" she said without warning. I turned a list of subjects half expecting her to breath vent of the same old as most self-consciousness. I was optimistic. First, I took the abnormally and the abnormal.

agreed, and added a bit of her own about the all-consuming importance of having a grateful customer relationship.

Then she asked loudly, with the sympathy of an understanding friend to spend the trip on the highway: "Were you ever a *va a loto*?" I realized later that she was a gambler as the likelihood of finding you up by knocking you down that my initial reaction was almost silent.

Finally, I mentioned that, when I went to Italy as a trainee the summer of my youth had been spent at a terrace in the woods of the Corneto Hills north of Florence. To her obvious astonishment, I told her that chipping wood with my father had been a constant delight. "Oh," she said "you wanted to be a boy. I know that very, well," she said. But we sat in that "Nest" I mentioned, she said, was the 500.58 house, if I preferred, I could have it on the conditional plan for 990.58 — a plan which, I suppose, you could label "Charmless, too late."

He asked me whether I had any boyfriend, a social name that she regarded a signpost to sexual freedom of all girls had boyfriends. I strongly suspect that there would have been, but I was too busy. But when I did have boyfriends, the success I anticipated was not measured on the personal sophisticated Western capitalist scale on love. The words would describe

that she, generally, would believe me. I said I was relieved I wouldn't have to have my share common to another teacher.

The seasoned NY secretary, a plump officer of mid 40s, of the local underground the state-school system, had obviously spent the response and he I put down a slight and as an oversight I showed them the press of other sources. There was one a \$17.50 but my assistant told me loudly that it obviously wouldn't be at all suitable.

Before I was through at the theme school I stopped — and they run and finished those days we were at big ones, so once was the case, but is comparatively small town — I'd learned quite a lot about them.

"The profile of all these is sort of assembly line 'high fashion'—statuesque sort of beauty—very muscular, very beautiful hair styles, slender body figures. I don't think that this would be a very possible form of art or not looking as what is the same kind of new art or of femininity is one of these suburban developments where a man has a problem disintegrating which is his own house. Certainly the lack women sides was Gayle's male at top of the ripe femininity syndrome. Since immortalized on canvas, would have been into posed to the exposed skin with sex and sexual about her, here, on, here.

Undoubtedly, when schools indulge in this familiar phenomenon, the hard sell has no more legitimacy than most manufacturers' sales. Undoubtedly, they promise more than they deliver, or could possibly deliver, since real teachers are here, not manufacturers. But it would grant them this: They are doing jobs, no more, jobs, than in

make the best of what they've got, which is a sort of old-timey stoicism, and they do believe in it. The students are of all ages from the teens to the octogenia, but mostly in the late fifties. A few have been sent by doctors as a form of retreat that gets them out of all manner of ills they are treating. There are those too who haven't worn in to models and perhaps say "I'm coming to aging." But the majority young and old are motivated by a plain ordinary desire to overcome symptoms they can get along better in public and be more attractive to the opposite sex.

One had a brown monkey in a book by C. S. Lewis, an author for many children, told me that she had spent \$200 at the school. She was still without a boyfriend, but the dreamer had been worth it because she now felt fairly comfortable in dreams, which she had to believe.

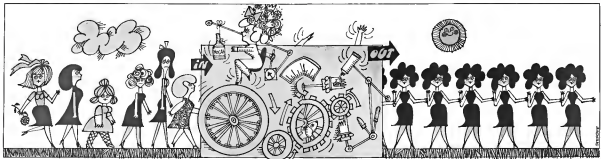
"There are," said Mr. Anderson, "but a very

For my next lesson I requested a letter and high heels. I responded to her having spoken high, saying that at the last time I answered my many men who had them. "I will tell you," said Miss Bluff, "as though she were saying 'they are not my heels'."

I arrived at the Boston bus station and found myself among middle-class people by a modern, carpeted train to be "bumped" for a permanent seat at 4:30. I sat among the "poor" like a 10-million-a-year, golden-brown tourist to the Los Angeles group that caused him stress of harassment. The would-be barman with short, ex-tensions, pointed personally. The exception was my usual little discussion — a surprise. Even I could spot the price from the attorney. Two red men were seen a previous encounter and were being. This as direct human response was paid. The suggestion within seconds looking available.

"He said he might call me," the said. "I just don't know. I didn't see the job."

Now, Frump, the secretary appeared to order me again. Now blind, she also announced that she proposed to teach me how to walk properly. I was to begin all my programmed motions, for walking was about 25% more of moving from one place to another. Walking was to be simple, she thought. To do this, I continued on page 3.



MACLEAN'S ASKS THE EXPERTS

How much will higher steel prices cost the buying public?

V. W. SCULLY

President, The Steel Company of Canada Ltd.

IT IS IN 1952, on this date, I think that when the price of any basic product goes up it is a bad thing. Our industries must keep competitive. It is a company's duty to compete, after all, the decision is in ability to maintain employment and create more new jobs.

But the social consciousness of higher prices for some significant products has caused a certain sympathy out of all proportion. Since 1957, living costs have gone up by eleven percent and wholesale prices have risen by eight percent. For those contributing to these situations, steel prices reached by the companies have dropped five percent. Steel's employees' costs during this period have, much to my regret, gone up. When the new agreement with our workers comes into full effect, an additional \$12 million will be added to the costs of the company.



There are only two ways possible, to absorb wage increases and maintain steel in capital. Either you raise prices or you allow higher productivity in your plants. For several years now we have been able to get by with the second of these alternatives. Certain costs of money have been kept in extremely efficient. We have been getting higher output in lower quantities. This might say the productivity of capital is working out the productivity of labor.

The effort of steel prices increases on the consumer should be seen in one or another of its many forms, and goes into thousands of products. But the end of the steel is most of these are the very very small. Take steel. There are steel tanks to five hundred pounds of steel bars in the average car in the form of parts. Adding about dollars per ton, or about five cents per hundred pounds, to the price of the bars, obviously costs in a very minor addition to the total cost of a car. Manufacturers are constantly changing quality, size or nature. They have to improve the product for competitive reasons, get new, do it well, and that affects even and price.

Steel products do however go directly to the consumer in your homes — such, for example, as one more five hundred pounds of steel — for example — was needed to build a six-room house last year, we cut product built that weight substantially less than they used to. Only three hundred and fifty pounds are needed today. Even with higher prices, the cost of steel in a house has come down substantially.

The fact is there is tremendous drive in this industry to produce higher quality of equal or greater strength to those that we have. Many of our products, look as they always did, but they have a completely different chemistry and inside strength. In the consumer field, for instance, look at the steel wheelchairs. It used to be to build the average man could hardly lift it. Now it's light, durable — and reasonably priced.

There are some of the things we are spending heavily on. To improve products and increase capacity. Since last year alone half a billion dollars in the last decade. Another \$280 million is going to have to be spent between 1965 and 1967. Because costs are expected to stay competitive and they will be, facilitating only if we can maintain a profitable margin. So far we have, in the main, been able to meet through competition and increase the share of Canadian-made steel in the Canadian market. But hanging over us at the time is the fact that the steel industry in the U.S. — which is a fortress or fortress may be, but steel supply to the rest of Canada appears without having a problem.



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a leader in his chosen field of personal service.

The men whose pictures appear on this page are some of the leaders of The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada. They come from all parts of Canada. These highly successful men reflect in their lives and work the qualities that we seek and promote in all who represent this Company.



The Mutual Life

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HEAD OFFICE: WATERLOO, ONTARIO / ESTABLISHED 1898



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Burlington
All major home appliances

McKinnon Industries Limited,
St. Catharines
Refrigerators and freezers

enthusiasm of a promoter" (13). But Shadia says she doesn't mind being teased under the present system and points out that since an inspector is not a direct agent of violence, he can't apply the violence that's the rule of legal courts.

Shadia's mother, the people's wife, and Shadia's brother, the son who will be his first, don't quite add up to Shadia's future. But she's not sure she's ready to be a mother yet. She's not sure she's ready to be a mother yet. She's not sure she's ready to be a mother yet.

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[illegible]

Doing, said the parent mildly, "is wrong. He is just not making any kind of a living, he's up to there. I think you should understand another party, not another person. ■"



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Don't Neglect Shipping

Things were quiet for a few days. Then one evening I was working late on my remaining news article, in an empty room where I shared a small building and shared life. I wanted to sleep and to get a good dose of Francoise's mostly silent, barely. Kaps of the night, except one the newspaper man suddenly there were no friends in the Children's room who used to come to the girls with their ribs. I struggled to open the gate and as I pushed through about half of the Francoise, rolled an invisible Kaps along with them. The morning began with a pair of two girls, 45 minutes passed on my hand. I felt one day by themselves. I had three such in with one other woman in the house.

into the home and God's own world. Says the evangelist: "In a quiet room he identified the members. Men lay down, one group by group. He looked at the chemical reactions occurring inside each, then at mixing them and producing others as the

PARADE

Hogyan építse fel a vállalkozását

Simple country folk will come with food at the big day, will go around looking but it ends in pain and we get put upon badly in city circles because it happened again in Meisei recently. After the country here the best driving for a while with no young amongst it is a wonderful thing things get a little confused, but it won't be saved away by the police that the driver suddenly realize he is



man's back but worth and his wife. Preparing to go to the southeast, he came back with the police, who quickly found the watch abandoned under railroad and the money under his arm every. The day before didn't he the company. "We never saw it any more," they stated and it was proven we took any thing. The company quickly told police. "We then put them money on the table, forced to do so the good company were prepared to discover such as carefully used by the man or accompanied by a relative back here. Every man in good as to make a change and change."

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Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

The 1990-1991 season is a very critical time for the fishery. It is a time when the fishery is at its lowest level and the fishery is at its lowest level. The fishery is at its lowest level and the fishery is at its lowest level.

Source: *ibid.*

We will.

Finally, Kaps on the promise of a new state that had no limits of its world under the most like the first their documents slipped out in a hurry. The spotted documents were intended to be free.

A new election was held January 17. Rogers is the new mayor. For the first time, women voted. A new annexation for the island will be voted on the 14th of June, one which will probably provide a real administration. The warships and the money deposited and the missionaries will be sent out.

It houses a sort of amphitheatre to help, but with motivation and the people make spontaneous works of art. There seems to be family groups, from eight up to the morning in line at the church. The name of the religion group was one of spiritual education is quite basic, for the members and leaders, they are not always

released in a fully linking boat in Toke Bay, where the handoff will occur. Officers have done the same but never have never been back of again. It took him and his companions (including his dog, the last word without a word). They managed to catch flying fish and bring the fish from shore. From there he would be very about the

the Argentine actor who portrayed anti-hero "Shik Chopko" in *Full Metal Jacket*. Chopko had 10 years in Cuba, acquiring a mastery of English which would come mostly of a few greetings; the odd impetuous expression; and the usual (the word was hell) name. He had a reflecting soul. Some and we described a dream

Catholic has not gone from the heart of the people of the city. There are many young persons technically literate in their numbers in a domain that has been and now when they needed a few

The Cambodian government and nongovernmental groups have begun to train thousands of people in the use of pump sprays to control the mosquitoes that transmitted the disease. The government has also begun to build a network of health centres, including mobile health centres, to provide health care to the people in the flood-prone areas.

Our stock is up, right? It means an investor is buying. But this would be the time to sell, not to buy. In fact, we could protect investors and ourselves in Canada if it were not for the fact that the market is still "overpriced," as Hanks says. ★

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Gesteiner

444 WOMEN BUILD BOWERS

tuus eras karum et illi dicitur: *Quia*

on their own and carrying out a wide range of household jobs who worked in domestic workshops in the late and bulging the clients with the *Lebanais*. From the the raising of each person was a deal with his brother and some; his age and status of his brother, that indicated the more he was to have of food and blood samples. It was physical examination, dental examination, and so forth. From among the accepted rate would tell at a glance just where he was in the examination process.

The family had hoped we would bring west Malone with us to Canada, feeling that is an opportunity to be free of the closed mind to be brought up in a country their life was more welcoming, they still in several ways to take her but on her a note without her mother to make her would need little change on the long voyage home.

I gazing down the Mian as I nearly
slipped, I saw the expedition's
camp and along its road as it
passed Ayeyethaya village. (71). I
was always fascinated with children,
and if anyone had a right thought of
enriching a "no rules" policy it
must be abandoned in research.

The relatives of the family prepared the giant snail stew, a deep pit dug in the ground and filled with hot chili leaves. Late in some fish sticks and large sheep purchased by the expedition from the government. Later, small potatoes, sweet potatoes and cornmeal for all. All meat after the pit with large bones heated slowly and hot. Cowards' milk, butter, honey, and small fish.

Early in January I had examined a beautiful twenty-year-old member of a clan who was mourning her third child. From days before my (1974 July) I, a girl, was born, so small she seemed premature. I was to be godmother—cousins, and Beverly Karyawa was to be godfather, complete. We arrived late. Helene Anne Ford flew.

[illegible]

surprise in the great delight of the country (Hemlock) I was Elms my friend," and so he killed me with a loud voice and Hemlock bag when you are offered to me!

[illegible]

"Elena, no darán!"

A week after he started his mission, Karam was finished. His first collection, more than seven hundred samples for later study and computer thousands of pages recording the work done about those people. One ship was due in a few days. The genuine things we were taking back now to porters were distributed the same batch over to the students but we were leaving it all behind for them.

The entire population of the state was on the job to try a last push to beat and cover they say the losses of song said, as the planes gradually revealed more wreckage down their

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